

They Say Love Blooms at the Movies

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Summary: They all say that strong bonds of love begin in a cinema room, but how true to their words are they? Xavier is an ordinary man, about to meet his soulmate. Or is he?

They Say Love Blooms at the Movies

Chapter One: _Xavier_

>-<p>

My favourtie day. My weekly trip to the movies. Although, i did miss last week's trip. Whoops!

>This is the time that I enjoy the most, laying back in the dark and cold cinema room, calm, and enjoying the peace and quiet as people either watch the screen, gasping at the shocking scenes, or sleeping, as most tend to do. '*Lazy*', I say in my head and smile to myself at the realisation that I, am in fact, not as lazy as people make out.

Thinking this of other people makes me think of the old days, the days when I was... well... bullied. The room is as dark as outer space, and I close my eyes in hope that the bad images that began to flash before my eyes would cease. But they never do. The images always flood back when somebody mentions the word... lazy. I hate this word with a bitter vengeance. This word used to chase me around the bland halls of my High School, closely followed by my worst enemies.

"I can... touch you... now."

My eyes open as quick as sun rays travelling to the Earth's surface and averted to the big screen that stood in front of me. _'you can... what?_' I said to myself softly, looking round to see if anybody heard and realising what he meant as i saw multiple pairs of eyes around me, carefully trained on the film, not caring about a small whispered mistake. That's all it was. A mistake. But one small pair stares at me as i turn to scan the people on my left. A small pair of

piercing, ice cold blue eyes stare back at me as if staring into the deep depths of my soul. I squint to see who it is, with little luck. I shrug and I turn my head back to the big screen, continuing to watch, wondering quietly how so many different eye colours actually exist. Funny.

For the rest of the film, the image of those piercing, ice cold blue eyes continued to stare at me. They were the epitome of beauty. I wish i had tried harder to find their owner, but this was difficult, given the circumstances. Shame.

I sigh with guilt. Or was it grief? The guilt i had for myself, for not trying hard enough, or the grief of now knowing that i could never have the possibility to find those beautiful orbs again. I'm ashamed.

>The credits begin to roll and i hear the rustle of packets being picked up and the noise of feet of people scurrying away as fast as they can, so that they don't get caught in the stampede that was about to evolve.<p>

As I get up, a group of four or five people rush past me and i fall back down onto the bed out of shock. I must say, one of them smelled nice, though! The thought of this gets me thinking about what Blue-Eyes smells like. And with that thought, I leave the dark, silent cinema room for another week.

End
file.